

*The History of*

A poore vnmind'd outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his liuery and beg his peace,  
With teares of innocency and teames of zeale,  
My father in kind heart and pity mou'd,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the Lords and barrons of the realme,  
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,  
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,  
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,  
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh  
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees  
That lie to heauy on the common wealth,  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,  
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne  
The hearts of al that he did angle for:  
Proceeded further, cut me of the heads  
Of al the fauourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personall in the Irish warre:  
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.  
*Hot.* Then to the point,  
In short time after, he depos'd the King,  
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:  
To make that worse suffered his kinsman March,  
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeepe

*Henry the fourth.*

Indeepe his King) to be ingag'd in Wales,  
There without rancome to lie forfeited,  
Disgrac't me in my happy victories,  
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
Rated mine vnkle from the counsel boord,  
In rage dismisde my father from the Court,  
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
This head of safety, and withal to pric  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the King?

*Hot.* Not so, sir Walter. VVeele withdraw a while.  
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd  
Some surety for a safe returne againe,  
And in the morning early shal my vnkle  
Bring him our porpose and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and loue,

*Hot.* And may be, so we shal,

*Blunt.* Pray God you do.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and sir Mighell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good sir Mighel, beare this sealed briefe  
VVith winged hast to the Lord Marshal,  
This to my coosin Scroope, and al the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make hast.

*Sir M.* My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you do,

To morrow, good sir Mighel, is a day,  
VVherein, the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truely giuen to vnderstand,  
The King with mighty and quick raised power,  
Meetes with Lord Harry, and I feare, sir Mighel,  
VVhat with the sicknesse of Northumberland.  
VVhose power was in the first proportion,  
And what Owen Glendowers absence thence,  
VVho with them was rated sinew too,

I

And